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THE
20TH
CENTURY

Farad Bulletin of
FARAD ORGANIZATION
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TWENTIETH =CENTURY=

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Who liked the hike? Were you there? 7 of us managed to get up quite early. We had lots of fun climbing thru the dark caves and up into trees that hung way out over the river; all we needed was a bathing suit to complete a perfect high dive. It was sure windy high above the ground with 60,000 volts of electricity running thru heavy cables near our heads on top of the pylons. (only

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the daring lads tried this)- On the way home we broke up into two groups and had fun racing along the dark paths, seeing which gang reached Bowness first, it so turned out that Lal, Fred, Myrtle & Toots were waiting around the street car stop when Red, Ed, and Lloyd happened to wander in. But most fun was had coming home in the street-car....everyone was in paroxysms of laughter.....
...This little bit of literature was compiled for your benefit by Red.....

Those who missed the Social Saturday night sure missed a good time. The Social was held in the honor of Cyril Large Technocracy, speaker from Vancouver, First of all we had a Scavenger Hunt and there was quite a lot of running, around attached to it, but it was lots af fun anyhow. When this was over they got out the Wurlitzer and started it a playing and we all started dancing..... About 11:00 they had what is cal-

led a "Broom Dance." You know what that is ---- one man has a broom, and the idea is to get rid of it to another man before the music stops; if you didn't you had to pay a nickle. The Farads made quite a rake off on this (?) The boys got quite a bang out of the dance and so did most of the girls, except those who got their toes stepped on. They then dished out the eats----We ate and then went home like all good boys should.....Oh! Yea!

.....
Most of the Farads had to top off the social Saturday night with a swim in the Bowness pool the next Sunday afternoon.....The party consisted of Ed, Red, Cyril & Vivian, Cottrell, Cowie, Jim, Bert, Vernon; then all of a sudden, who came along but Ted and Dorothy to join in the fun. The slide provided a perfect thrill, as well as the high jumps which only two dared to attempt. The stingers got stung when the gang that tried to throw Jim into the water got pushed in, also. Some of the party got a perfect tan,..

Dupes of Democracy.

They pour out yearly from our schools and colleges. They swell the ranks of unemployed. They struggle along in some dead-end job, over-worked and under-paid, waiting for the "break" that can never come. They drift into the army, for there they are, at any rate, assured of food and shelter. They loaf on the street corners. They fill the jails and the reform schools. They starve, they freeze and they kill themselves under box-cars.

These are the youth under Democracy, youth who have been schooled in the democratic principle, steeped in the belief of the superiority of the democratic ideals. A youth whose education for society has centred on promises that in a democracy every man has the same opportunity for "success." Whose ethical standards have been founded on the rule of "do unto others"----. With a mere smattering of worth-while

preparation for life and with these two great precepts as moral support they set forth into the world of reality,

Disillusionment comes quickly. It needs no keen preceptions to realize that "equality of opportunity" is not to be found in our democratic society, that the principles of the system under which he must make a livelihood are in themselves an outright denial of the "Golden Rule" he so fondly cherished. The very foundations of his philosophy and his religion are knocked from under him. He is left bewildered and, if he has any degree of intelligence, highly indignant.

Suckers! Baited with honeyed words and high sounding phrases. Yet expected, if war should come to "save our great democracy." What is wrong? Save the system that has duped them, neglected them, jailed them completely!

They are all about us. Disillusioned youth, faith gone..

without hope, struggling aimlessly, groping for the answer. The youth on the box car is their symbol. Farads have their answer
----Lets get it to them -----

Salute:
Stu Williamson.

The Farads are at it again this time its a hike, ----an overnight hike to be exact. Don't let that stop you from comming cause we should have lots of fun ----- if you get what I mean-----
We'll all meet at S.H.C. on time, about 8:30. Then we will proceed to go on our way, to Brick-burn, I think thats the name of the place. When we get out there you can all do as you please for the rest of the evening. That is if you still want to do something. The Social committee states that you should bring enough food for, -----well you know what you can eat. Don't bring any more than you can carry yourself, because we don't want to have to carry U. O.K. lets all make it a date for to-morrow night.

HEADACHES....HEARTACHES

Remember our last Bulletin in which we had to retract our statement about L. Cottrell? Well we don't like to bring in a dead horse but we only consider facts and it is a fact that L. C. spent considerable time in a dark cave with a young prospective Farad on our last hike. It is also a fact that the same girl was requested to give L.C. a dancing lesson in the privacy of his own home. The request to the best of my knowledge, was accepted. Your folks were away at the time were'nt they Laurie.....

Who was the shapely young miss, pardon us, who accompanied our silent hero, Stuart, at a recent bathing party?. She's got oomph!!

Cyril Large has left town but has also left a lasting im- or depression on Vivian Hansen. We as well as she will miss him for the swell fellow he is. He was sure a fast worker. I learned a few pointers from him myself on the way to the swimming party.....

....Where did he get to after the social Saturday night, we wonder?
May we meet again in the New America. Happy Landings Cyril...

Lloyd Cowie, we hear, had a date after the social Saturday night... My! My! Her mother might object. By the way, who was she? Isn't her name Kay and does she or does she not work in the Cave? Watch your step Cowie!

Say, wh Jim, uhh what happened to Edna? (or are we wrong)

CAREFUL OF THE TAR AND FEATHERS!
C.A.LL

OF SPECIAL INTEREST

he was the young boy who received a long letter from a certain girl in Attice. "Oh! Red.

but others, like Red, only got redder. The raft almost sank under the outfit, but they still managed to get some fun and bruises out of it.....

OH! I BEG YOUR PARDON.

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